FELLOWSHIP IN PRAYER

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Since 1949 the purpose of Fellowship in Prayer is to promote the practice of prayer among all religious faiths whose fundamental belief is in God regardless of race, creed, or color, and whose tenets include the universal attributes of truth, honesty, justice, and mercy, that thereby there may arise a closer relation to Almighty God and a deeper spirit of fellowship among mankind.

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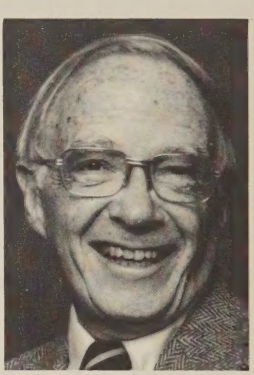
Cover Photograph by Brooks Walsh



Many of us get the day off to a joyful start with a period of prayer and quiet meditation. At Fellowship in Prayer, as in many like-minded organizations, meetings for business always begin with meditation and a prayer for divine guidance.

Yet all too often, once the day or meeting is underway, we put our spiritual aspirations on hold. We plunge into the chores and relationships that await our attention, quickly forgetful of our desire to do everything, and treat everyone we meet, in a sacred and compassionate manner.

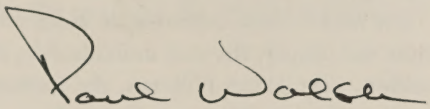
Fortunately, there are ways that can bring us back to our true self–which is eternal, joyous, selfless and pure. One of the best, I find, is the repetition of a *mantra*–a Holy Name or phrase that reminds us of the divinity at the core of our being.

Christians use mantras such as "Lord Jesus Christ," *Maranatha* (Aramaic for "Come, Lord") or "Hail Mary." In India, "Krishna, Krishna, Krishna" or "Rama, Rama, Rama" are favorite mantras. "*Om mani padme hum*" is a well-known Buddhist mantra. *Barukh attah Adonai* is chanted by Jews, and "Allah, Allah," by Muslims.

Whatever Holy Name or phrase you choose, you will be calling on the divine source of all that is best in you, and He/She will give you access to untapped resources of understanding, patience, love and compassion. "The mantra becomes one's staff of life," said Mahatma Gandhi, "and carries one through every ordeal. It is repeated not for the sake of repetition, but for the sake of purification, as an aid to effort . . . each repetition has a new meaning, carrying you nearer and nearer to God."

The mantra is most effective when repeated silently and steadily and with as much concentration as possible throughout the day. After awhile, through constant repetition, you will begin to hear the mantra sounding in your heart, and you will be listening to it rather than speaking it. Repeat it gently and lovingly to yourself whenever you have the opportunity: while standing in line at the bank, post office, or super market, for example. In time, repetition roots the mantra deep in your unconscious. There it works to transform negative emotions, such as anxiety, hostility and fear, into positive spiritual energy. Your mantra can

help you keep from getting stuck in tense, worried, or depressed states of mind. It leads you behind those negative states, behind the personality that you think is you, to a place where the real you rests in loving union with the divine. Eknath Easwaran, that wise and loving spiritual guide for whom mantra is essential to spiritual practice, teaches that we can use the mantra to prevent and repair broken relationships. The mantra, he says, "enables us to respond to what's best in others even when we have serious differences, to transform anger into compassion and ill will into love." Repeating your mantra throughout the day will help you stay connected with the gratitude and joy and loving kindness of your morning meditation. Try it!



Paul Walsh

* For much of the material about the uses and power of mantra in this essay I am indebted to Eknath Easwaran and his very helpful and inspiring book, *Mantram Handbook*, published by the Nilgiri Press, Petaluma, CA. I recommend it highly.

Care of the Soul: a Guide for Cultivating Depth and Sacredness in Everyday Life. The lovely title of this new book by a deeply spiritual psychotherapist, Thomas Moore, conveys well the gentle wisdom in its pages.

Moore believes that the troubling symptoms of our era–the sense of emptiness and meaninglessness, discouragement about relationships, our loss of values, our yearning for spirituality–reflect a loss of "soul." Without soulfulness, nothing satisfies, so people turn to addictions, power, and more and more therapy when what they really are craving is an experience of the sacred.

For Moore, soul refers to the indefinable depths of a person, the darkness and beauty, the true individuality, the presence and mystery at work within. Like James Hillman, the founder of archetypal psychology and a close friend, Moore believes that every person and all creatures–animals, trees and rivers, as well as made things like houses and cars–have qualities of uniqueness and power and beauty that give them a soul.

How does one care for the soul? Here are a few of the paths he recommends:

Beauty. Seek beauty every day, for nothing satisfies the soul more than beauty.

The Body. Notice how the body expresses the state of the soul.

Experiences. Transform a routine event into a soul experience by deeply feeling it and reflecting on what is happening.

Work. Work from the heart so your work expresses your soul.

Fate. Enter into fate–accept and do the inevitable as if your whole heart were in it.

Love. Savor the difficulties of love relationships as completely as the joy.

Moore goes so far as to say that the purpose of life is to "know, love and serve" the soul, meaning of course the collective soul, not just one's own. I would agree in this sense: Since it is easier to love the soul than the self, acknowledging one's own inner beauty could be a path to loving the beauty in everyone.

Mary Ford-Grabowsky

One of the best ways to worship God is simply to be happy.
Traditional Hindu Wisdom

The way to peace and fulfillment in union with God, the Divine Beloved, is a daring dive into the "eternal now." Not by fruitless surveys of the past, nor by elusive longings for the future, nor by enslavement to the fleeting moment, but by staking everything for God, is it possible for you to experience yourself as the illimitable ocean of love. Here and nowhere else is the final solution of all your problems. Love born in the Truth liberates without binding and fulfills without overpowering; it is a pure blessing not only for yourself, but for each and all, for ever and ever, in the "eternal now."
Meher Baba

There are parched and barren fields in our lives. There is autumn in our existence. But these are the grounds of our growth, the seed-beds of our miracles. In these fields we will someday blossom, and the innocence of the world will return with our own.
Richard Caniell

You've been somebody long enough. You spent the first half of your life becoming somebody. Now you can work on becoming nobody, which is really somebody. For when you become nobody there is no tension, no pretense, no one trying to be anyone or anything. The natural state of the mind shines through unobstructed–and the natural state of the mind is pure love.
Ram Das

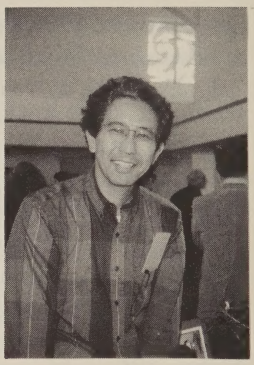
If someone comes to you asking for help, do not say in refusal, "Trust in God. God will help." Rather, act as if there *were* no God, and no one to help except you.
Hasidic Teaching

Let everything that breathes praise God!
Ps. 150.6

If you meditate on your ideal, you will acquire its nature. If you think of God day and night, you will acquire the nature of God.
Sri Ramakrishna

Remembering

RONALD Y. NAKASONE



In this deeply felt reflection, a son suffering the problems of aging parents turns to his memories. For "memories cradle our grief and preserve our joy."

I have left any number of times. But this afternoon, peering from this iron rock, I marvel at the beauty of the Island below. Silver-white cumulus clouds drift effortlessly above innumerable green patches of the Koolaus. The patterned strokes of green contrast with the flat blue of the sky. The sweeping sapphire blue water makes the distant horizon seem closer than it really is. I am reminded of Cézanne's "The Sea at L'Estaque."

I am flushed with memories. Idyllic hours were spent swimming, surfing, and defending my castle walls from the rising surf. I searched for sea shells and glass floats. Treasures washed up during the night belonged to the first one on the beach. It seemed always so haunting in the soft morning light. Later, I turned my curiosity to the mountains. I loved to hike their ancient trails. The sun light flickering through the ever moving canopy of leaves quickened images of rushing footsteps.

To be sure, the Island has changed. The multi-storied office and apartment complexes now form another mountain range and invite other kinds of explorers. The spires of progress and prosperity now puncture the once gentle transition from mountain to sea.

A Buddhist priest, Ron Nakasone teaches philosophy and ethics at the Institute of Buddhist Studies at the Graduate Theological Union in Berkeley, CA. His most recent book is The Ethics of Enlightenment.

Today, I am remembering, because I have passed a milestone in my life. Americans celebrate important events in their lives with birthday parties, commencement exercises, wedding rites and the like. If these celebrations, in reality rites of passage, mean anything, I suppose, it marks a change in one's life, and added responsibility. Some rites of passage are unceremoniously thrust upon us.

Americans prepare for the first day of school, for adolescence, for college, for marrying, for parenthood, for middle age, for retirement, and even death. We, however, are not prepared for caring for our elderly and frail parents. For some this passage may be gradual and imperceptible; for others it may be more abrupt. Growing up is, I suppose, never easy.

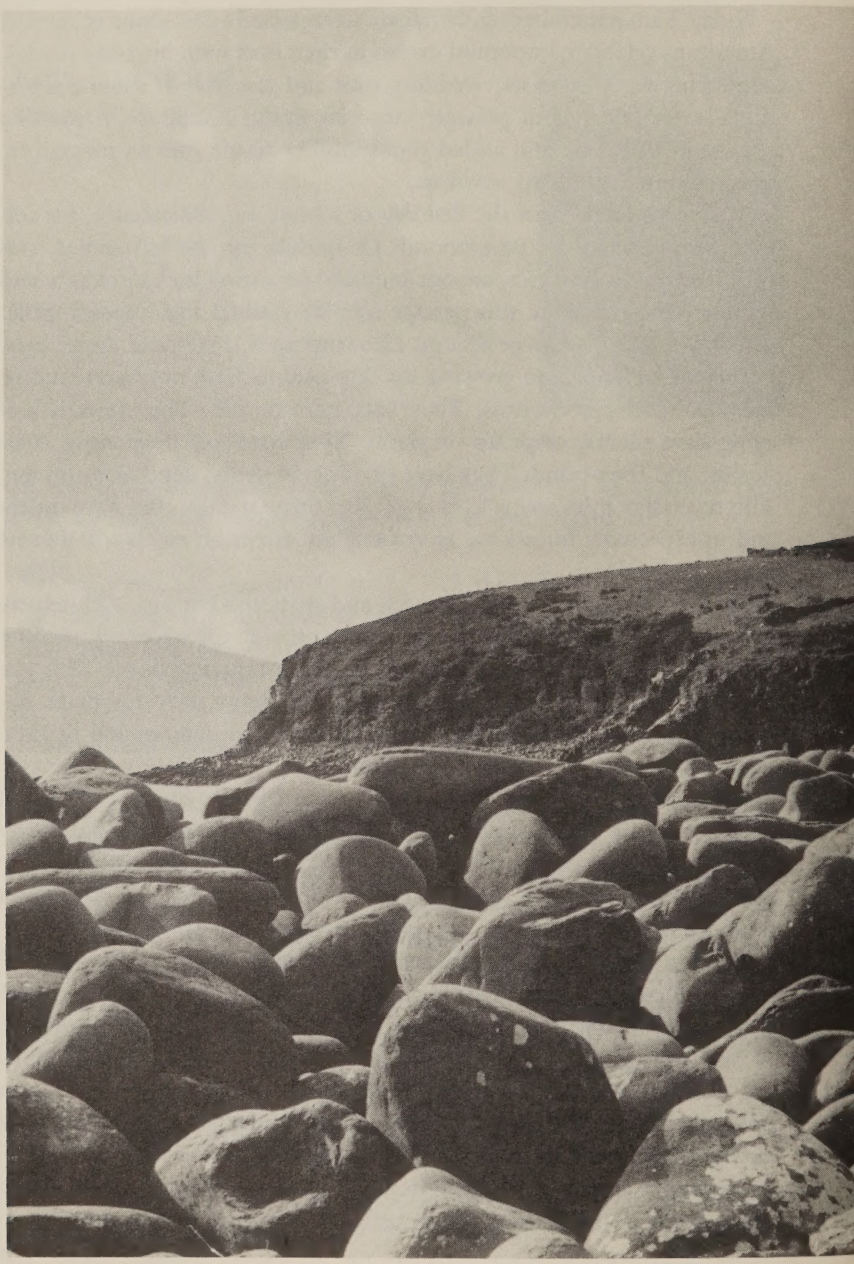
There is some rage in growing up. My parents have not been kind to me these past few months. They have become old. The infirmities of aging have silently crept up on them. They have lost their vigor, their health, and their mind. They have become, in short, dependent on me. This reversal of roles seems so strange. As a consequence, they have rudely and unexpectedly forced me to refocus my attention to their concerns rather than mine.

In early December my Mother fell and shattered her hip. Neither my Father nor any of her children was able to provide the necessary care she required. She reluctantly agreed to be placed in a nursing home. This was a painful conclusion for all. For my Mother it was a most traumatic decision. On my recent visit, her physical condition deteriorated further. Diabetic, she has lost most of her sight.

The woman I see today is not the woman I know. She is so frail and helpless. I look at her familiar face and I hear her singing as she works in the kitchen preparing dinner. She raises her frail hand, and I see her nimble fingers stringing a ginger lei. I am frustrated that she cannot do more for herself. I am upset, too, that she expects me to do more for her.

About a month later my Father, no doubt, by guilt, poor diet, and stress, suffered a partial blockage of his left carotid artery. He has since made a remarkable recovery. He can now walk. He has regained the use of his hand. However, he still suffers from memory loss and confusion.

I had always thought him to be so strong. The sight of that once powerful man—the one who taught me the alphabet, who by his great strength did much to green the barren flat land of the leeward coast—struggling to control his thoughts was humbling. I began to see more of the grays in life. I think more seriously of my own mortality now.



Brooks Walsh

He remembers more now. He can recall the immediate past with greater fidelity. Remembering has been healing. He knows who he was and what he can be. Remembering brings focus on the past and to the future in the present. Memories cradle our grief and preserve our joy. As we struggle through life, remembering helps us to keep events in perspective. Remembrance has, I believe, the power to restore a sense of wholeness in being. Remembrance grounds us to the past, instills pride and hope. I too am remembering, because remembering is healing.

I too look to the past and I see my future. I suppose this is what the Sarvasitivadin doctors meant when they proposed that the future exists, because we can have thoughts of it. To remember is to draw upon the future, to remember the future. So many people believe that memory is the dredging up of the past, and especially in a sense of affliction. We recall separations, deaths, and humiliations quite vividly. But to remember the future is a creative power which can hold us together in a painful present and deliver us from an unpleasant past. To remember is to know where we have been and where we might be.

I realized the importance of remembering the future when I met Eagle Man, an Ogalala Sioux medicine man. Even though he shared with his people the bitter memories of oppression and humiliation, he was able to draw strength from his memories of the future.

> My parents have not been kind to me these past few months. They have become old. The infirmities of aging have silently crept up on them. They have lost their vigor, their health, and their mind. They have become, in short, dependent on me.

While demonstrating and explaining the significance of the mother earth spiritual ritual, Eagle Man recited with pride the timeless vision of his nation's past handed down by the "mystic warriors." "The warrior," Jan Harke writes in the introduction of *Mother Earth Spirituality*, "who feels the great mystery of existence is marked by a profound humility." The warrior understands that the mystery is simply that we are all part of nature and nature is part of us.

Eagle Man wants to share this understanding with all people. This earth which we are dependent on and live on belongs to everyone. Eagle Man envisions a future in which all beings will live with respect and gratitude for mother earth. In his own way, Eagle Man, a Native American, is trans-

forming a bitter and unpromising past into a new future. His vision of the future is drawn from the past. In remembering the past he understands his responsibilities in the present and projects his vision of the future. Like Eagle Man, I believe, we can draw from our future vision to give us confidence and empower us.

I am remembering today. I am remembering, because I need to know my past. Seeing my parents, I conjure warm memories of my childhood. I am a son and they are my parents, because we share common memories. I am remembering the future, because I need this vision to give me the courage to mark this milestone in my life.

Our Hunger for Connection

SHEILA MORGAN

If we're "looking for love in all the wrong places," we're failing to see that we already have what we're looking for.

What is there about connection that we hunger for? What do we want to be connected to? Or what are we disconnected from?

There is a fundamental longing in all of us to "come home." To be in that space and time where all is well, nothing is lacking, everything and everyone is in its place. We know "this is what matters, what's true." Our separateness disappears. We are complete. When we are disconnected from that place there's a kind of tension, something lacking, things are "not quite right." We're incomplete. This hunger is as primal as our hunger for food or water, and as vital as our need to breathe. What's it all about?

It would seem that if we long to be connected we must be separate. And indeed, we appear to be. We're born into this world fully connected to everything in the universe, thinking that there's no difference between us and our mothers or us and the crib. Soon we discover our separateness—mother and crib are over there and we're in here. Our socialization begins, our training to become individual peronalities with healthy egos. We learn that we belong to this family, this race, this nation. We learn that, I in my own little flesh suit am separate from you in your little flesh suit. We've got boundaries.

We develop talents, traits, and roles that keep the boundaries in place and make us different from each other and then define ourselves by the differences. We say, "I'm a doctor, a parent, a writer, a democrat, a hard worker, a romantic." We have an identity. Our individual personality, with ego (healthy or unhealthy) at the helm, is set for life. We know who we are. We hang out with people who fit in with who we think we are, giving us an illusion of comfort. But the lines are drawn. We're separate.

Separateness is lonely. We feel incomplete. So we begin a lifelong jour-

Sheila Morgan, who lives on Martha's Vineyard, works as a psychotherapist with individuals, couples and groups. "I used to see us as human beings on a spiritual journey," she says, "but that's shifted. Now I see us as spiritual beings on a human journey. And every moment is sacred."

Sheila Morgan

ney searching for completion. We try to connect more deeply. We fall in love, get married, join a group, a cause, a church, a street gang, a team, searching for a place to call home. But home is often a long way from home.

Now and then we connect when, in some blessed moment our heart opens, to another being or to the sky, or the earth. And once in a rare blue moon, to ourselves. But since most of our searching is, as the song says, "looking for love in all the wrong places," we often miss the connection.

Perhaps we miss it because we're already connected. Perhaps our separation is an illusion. Maybe we're no more separate than a wave is separate from the ocean.

Despite the apparent separateness of things at the surface level, at a deeper level everything is a seamless extension of everything else. Quantum physicist David Bohm calls this deeper level of reality the "implicate order." This implicate order is enfolded or hidden in the "explicate order," which is the ordinary surface reality that we know.

We can see a simple mini example of this at the checkout counter in a supermarket. On the items we purchased are swirls that don't seem to mean anything, but enfolded, or hidden, in these swirls are numbers that do mean something. We can't see the numbers with our eye. But a laser scanner can "see" beneath the surface of the meaningless swirls into the meaningful order of the numbers.

The connection we're looking for can't be seen by our eyes either. The Persian poet Rumi knew this. He writes:

> Our eyes do not see you,
> but we have this excuse: Eyes
> see surface, not reality,
> though we keep hoping,
> in this lovely place.

Since most of us don't experience ourselves as subatomic particles, it's a big leap, between the idea, or concept, of interconnection and the experience of interconnection. Just like the leap between the idea of swimming and the experience of swimming. Now here comes the exciting part! We're going into the water!

Bohm also found that the experience reported by mystics throughout the ages–feelings of cosmic oneness with the universe, a sense of unity with all life–sound very much like a description of–guess what? The implicate order! He suggests that perhaps mystics are somehow able to see beyond ordinary reality into the deeper realities. Science and the Mystics connect!

The plot thickens!

Here's a marvelous description of one of those experiences from consciousness researcher, R. M. Bucke:

> Now came a period of rapture so intense that the universe stood still, as if amazed at the unutterable majesty of the spectacle. Only one in all the infinite universe! The All-loving, the Perfect One . . . In that same wonderful moment of what might be called supernal bliss, came illumination. I saw with intense inward vision the atoms or molecules, of which seemingly the universe is composed . . . rearranging themselves, as the cosmos (in its continuous, everlasting life), passes from order to order. What joy when I saw there was no break in the chain–not a link left out–everything in its place and time. Worlds, systems, all blended into one harmonious whole.

Janet Kerr

Is this experience for mystics alone? How is it that we ordinary folks miss it most of the time? Maybe we miss it because we focus on the surface reality of forms.

Perhaps the trick is to go beyond the forms, beyond the forms of nature to the deeper mystery; beyond the forms of love to the truth of our heart; beyond the forms of what we call God, to experience the all-pervading Mystery.

> Something opens our wings. Something
> makes boredom and hurt disappear.
> Someone fills the cup in front of us:
> We taste only sacredness.

That from Rumi again.

We come upon it when we listen to music. What is the music? Is it the black notes on the page, the hands moving across the keyboard, the bow touching the strings, the musician playing the piece, the composer who wrote it, the shape of our ear that can receive the sound? None of these can explain, even remotely, the awesome mystery of what we experience when those separate parts come together and touch our soul, nor can any language capture it. At the surface reality we call it listening to music. But at the deeper reality—what? Surely it's a holy miracle.

Are we ordinary folks also holy miracles? I think so. Sometimes we behave as such. But usually our small ego self runs around thinking it's running the show. On the surface it appears to, but a deeper level, hidden by the ordinary, is the extraordinary—the larger Divine Self connected to and part of everything.

What if . . . What if we began to identify with that Divine Self instead of our small ego self? What if we let our Divine Self be the captain, and our little ego self be first mate? Could we trust the winds of grace to bring us home safe and sound? What would that mean?

Well, right off the bat, it would mean that we could stop being afraid. We'd know we don't have to steer the ship alone. There's plenty of help. We need only ask. We'd have to quiet down a bit though, so we could hear the answers. That might be hard for some of us.

Could we bear to let into our hearts all the suffering and pain of the world? Wouldn't it kill us? Our little ego self, yes. Indeed it would. That's why we close our heart, to numb ourselves to pain. So we won't die from it.

Janet Gnall

But the Divine Self is more spacious. It has room for everything, good and bad, right and wrong, pain and joy, all of it. All of it. It knows that suffering, finally, serves us well. Aeschylus speaks beautifully to this: "In our sleep pain, which we cannot forget, falls drop by drop upon the heart until, in our despair, against our own will, comes wisdom, through the awful grace of God." The Divine Self knows that pain is only another slice of life, just as necessary, and as temporary, as joy.

Could we trust the Divine Self to lead us out of fear, and into joy? To fill us with wisdom enough to let go of editing and selecting little bits of life, and simply open to all of it, the way it is, in any given moment? To open to ourselves just the way we are—now?

Since the cosmic joke seems to be that we're already connected, we might as well start laughing. Since we already have what we're looking for, we might as well start dancing with it. And since the Divine Self is the *only* one who knows the score, we might as well trust it to write the music, and let that little rascal, ego, sing the song.

Great Spirit:
your wild wind shatters mountains of
noxious, dying sovereignties
your voice stirs embers of love
inflaming traces of your image
among hosts of sisters and brothers face
to face
emerging from the fearful crowd of strangers

Allah the compassionate, the merciful,
maternal god
we stand to hear the echo of your nurturing
above the babble of leaders mouthing rhetoric of growth,
masking realities of greed
of nations claiming the right to kill your people
while clamoring of your people's good
of intellectuals in thrall to their own comfort, conjuring
truth at the behest of power.

Free us from worship at shrines of tangled roots,
choking your beckoning future of surprise
Free us from maddened spinning idiot reason,
twisting justice to justification
getting off on fantasies that deface your image among women
preying on our own children's trust.

We want courage to journey
with soft and naked hearts beating to distant music
toward the city of your disturbing peace
where children will dance without fear and waters sparkle
where all will know *shalom.*

Om, shanti, shanti, shanti.

James P. Breeden

Known nationally for his efforts in social justice work, Professor Breeden is Dean of the Tucker Foundation at Dartmouth College. The Tucker Foundation was created in 1950 "to support and further the moral and spiritual roots and influence of Dartmouth College."

Rock Ritual VIII

ROBERT O'ROURKE

The inspiration for Bob O'Rourke's 8th lyrical "Rock Ritual" came in part from Psalm 37: "Be silent to God; let God mold you."

Across this blessed land
from the Sierra Madres
to the Appalachians,
Rocky spires call us to pause and
look upward,
to contemplate the beauty of nature,
the Mystery of God,
our fragile finiteness!

Nothing lives long,
only the earth,
and the mountains.
White Antelope, Cheyenne Chief

Each time I give my heart to a mountain
sunshine warms my face,
wind refreshes my spirit,
storms shake me alive!

In my heart beats the song of the Navajo:

I walk out . . .
In front of me beautiful,
Behind me beautiful,
Under me beautiful,
Above me beautiful.

In the presence of mountains
visions come:

Folk art carver, writer, poet, Bob O'Rourke makes his home close to nature in Colorado. Lisa Smith, whose illustration accompanies this article, is Director of the Squash Blossom Art Gallery in Aspen, CO.

Janet Gnall

Powerful-Loving-Hands
reaching down
from thunder clouds
carving jagged, granite summits;
shaping each tiny stone;
setting each in its place . . .
for me.
Wrapped in the silence of the mountains
surrounded by beauty
I pray . . .
Great Mystery,
Creator-of-Mountains,
Sculptor-in-Stone,
Mold me too.

Mother's Final Gift to Me

GERRY LANCTO

At the heart of the women's spirituality movement throughout the world is a rediscovery of the life-long warmth in the mother-daughter bond. Here a daughter's "total gift of herself" to her dying mother becomes "the most profound religious experience" of her life.

The child is born. Her transition into the world from the womb creates pain and suffering for the mother. However, it is good, fruitful pain and soon forgotten being overwhelmed by the joy of creating a new life.

The mother, the creator of the child has come to the end of her mortal life. Death provides her with an entry into life hereafter. The child, now a mother herself, experiences pain and great suffering as she ministers to her mother's needs and assists her in her transition into a new life. However, it is good, fruitful pain and pain soon forgotten because it is overwhelmed by the joy of knowing that a new life is beginning.

Such was my experience when I brought my 103-year-old mother into my home to die. I could not bear the thought of her dying alone in an institution with no one by her side. She was ready to die but I could sense a resistance and I knew that she feared death. She needed me to help her let go of life and have the courage to embark on her eternal journey.

I was afraid to bring her home. Could I properly care for my mother who was bedridden and completely incapacitated physically and to a great extent mentally? Could I cope with the physical and emotional stress that such an undertaking would involve? All these concerns and many more went through my mind resulting in uncertainty. At this point, I let my faith take over. I prayed, "God, if you want me to do this show me the way and give me the strength." My prayers were answered.

Since I had never cared for a bedridden patient and had no nursing training, I had no idea how I would have the knowledge or the skill required to minister to my mother's needs. Fortunately, I had heard of Hospice and had contacted them for help. Like angels of mercy, the personnel from hospice came to my assistance with guidance and support. Before

Gerry Lancto is a freelance writer in New Bern, NC.

Tom Dunham

my mother's arrival they advised me as to the special equipment I would need. Arrangements were made for the delivery of a hospital bed and personal care supplies. They came into my home and gave instructions on how to provide the physical care my mother needed. With their guidance I was able to administer the medications needed and treat the problems associated with a terminal patient. An important function they provided was to keep the channels of communication open between the Doctor and myself, thereby expediting the procurement of needed medications.

The physical presence of Hospice was a tremendous help. They provided the services of a nurse's aid to come into the home two or three times a week to bathe and tend to my mother's needs. A registered nurse was available whenever skilled nursing was required. She also made regular visits to the home to check on my mother's condition. I greatly appreciated the fact that the nurse made herself available twenty-four hours a day for advice and comfort. A volunteer was available on call to come in and sit with my mother when it was necessary to leave the house for a morning or afternoon, giving me a respite and a chance to shop or take care of business matters. Counseling services were also offered to help the family cope with the emotional stress and the acceptance of death of a loved one. The Hospice services were holistic, addressing all the needs generated by this special situation. All the services of Hospice were made available but I was given the choice to avail myself of as many or few of these services as I desired.

My mother was with me for six weeks. During this time, I devoted myself to giving her loving care and providing her with every comfort possible. I bathed, dressed and fed her. I sang to her and told her that I loved her. I prayed with her. I kept a vigil with her through the difficult nights. I was by her bedside holding her hand as she took her last breath. My tears flowed to bathe her face for the last time as her spirit was finally released from the prison of a useless, worn-out body. When my mother took her last breath, I felt the lifting of a great burden. There was an overwhelming sense of the presence of her soul hovering over me. I sensed the joy of her soul as it was released from the prison-like body, like that of a caged animal finally getting its freedom. The actual moment of death that I had feared became a moment of triumph and through my tears my soul kept saying over and over, "Thank you, God."

My mother's final gift to me were those six weeks during which I was able to give totally of myself to her, both physically and emotionally, to repay her for the gift of life and for the many years of mothering that

she had devoted to me. At the end of her life, even though she could no longer remember my name, she still recognized me as one of her own and her last spoken words before she died were, "I love you." It was such a precious farewell gift!

Her last spoken words before she died were, "I love you."

Not everyone has the desire or the capability to bring a loved one home to die and there should be no feelings of guilt for those who feel they cannot take this course. However, for those who do have the inclination to undertake this journey, it is important that they realize that there is help available to make this course of action possible for many. It is not easy to watch a loved one die. No matter how old the loved ones are their departure is a loss, causing sadness and pain. However, the rewards inherent in such a commitment far outweigh all the negative aspects of the experience. One must realize that considerable physical strength is required to perform the nursing tasks such as turning the patient every few hours to prevent bedsores. I was very fortunate to have the support of family members and two sisters who shared my responsibilities.

I thank God for allowing me to spend those short six weeks ministering to the needs of my mother. I will always be grateful knowing that I was with her when she died and having the assurance that she left this world with dignity and the awareness that she was surrounded by those who loved her.

During the time I spent caring for my mother, I spent many hours in prayer seeking guidance, strength and comfort. I also prayed for God's mercy upon my mother. In those six weeks I grew spiritually more than in any period during my past 60 years. My consciousness of life, death and eternity was greatly expanded. As my mother's soul left her body, a tiny opening was provided for me to glimpse the glories of eternal life.

Death Window on Life

WALTER REINSDORF

"How did my father fail me?" The author ponders this burning question that men are raising in small spirituality groups springing up in every US state.

When my father died I cried for the second time in my adult life. The first time had been when my father visited my wife and me in California where we were struggling through the early years of our marriage. When he left the tears poured out of me. Strange, for it was a good visit. Afterwards, I felt much better. Some deep emotional dam had burst. Crying then as now at his death, after getting the call from my sister, helped to put life to that point behind me. That first time, college and military service behind, I was just into marriage and children. But after he left us, I went into my room, shut the door, and wept.

Why did it happen? I think because I put my father behind me to become my own man, to assume a new role as husband and father. Now he is gone, and I am ready once again. But for what?

When we consider ourselves as links in the familial chain, father to son to grandson, we see ourselves from a clearer perspective. We see that we are not isolated. To a degree our parents are responsible for what we are – until we become ourselves, assuming responsibility for self and others, before, finally, as grandparents, we, in turn, step back into that chain. Lucky the young man who steps into his own identity at a confident early age. Woe to him who assumes wife, family and career before maturity. Woe to his wife and children too. And that is what happened. Still a boy, still filled with fun and irresponsibility, still my father's son, I married. Caught and crumbled between two phases, anxiety struck me like a cold wind from a troubled sea. Locked into his own career, my father had ill prepared me for what was to come. I did not know then what to expect. Deeply in love, I married. Is it fair to ask a young woman to do what father and mother did not? Fair or not, many women are asked to make a bachelor into a husband.

How had my father failed me? The answer to that question will help us to learn not to fail our sons and daughters in the same way. Perhaps we will find new ways. Perhaps our oldest sons will not be born to us

Paul M. Schrock

during the dangerous crossover period between youth and manhood. How do we find our way through all those early terrors, getting, keeping and losing jobs, adding to our education, fathering, husbanding? At least I know what my father did. He put his career ahead of his wife and children. An only son, raised by a doting widowed mother, without even a high school diploma, he went out. Poor, smart and ambitious, he made it on Wall Street. Father went off to the city, returned at 6:00, after Jack Armstrong, carrying with him the coffee smell of downtown, and the New York World-Telegram. He drank a few beers, golfed on weekends, remained uncommunicative, casually unloving, aloof and distant, as I guess most fathers are. Everything was fine if his son made the honor role, won a letter, and got into a good college.

Children cry for love and attention. Children rebel. Children want their fathers to accept them for what they are, just like everyone else. So hard to do that. Many of us, unable to respond, fall, swept by the leveling guns of domesticity: booze, sex, or boredom.

All that behind, and my own children to contend with, I ask if I failed them as my father failed me. Now he is dead, and all but our youngest have taken their place in society. I miss them. I wish I had been a better father. At least I know that my family is the most important thing in my life. That much I learned. What are we without families? How are we to learn to stand before the world if we can't stand before our own children, especially if our role model is just one father or mother? How much better to have a spectrum of aunts, uncles, grandparents and older brothers and sisters to choose from. Children can see themselves multiplied or divided through different generations and persons.

To father is to fail. Our one sure defense is to distance ourselves from our children. Distance preserves us, prevents our children from knowing us any better than they do, yet maintains a sense of awe and wonder. The distant or absent father is perhaps our most typical prototype: once mythological sky gods descended, propagated and disappeared, forever mysterious, forever worshipped for that mystery. In the background of his own family St. Joseph was never addressed by his son. And here in the Catskills where we live, Rip Van Winkle, that most distant of fathers, absented himself from the infelicity of his shrewish wife to wander, dream, drink, and hunt alone through his beloved mountains. When he finally reentered his village twenty years later, his son, standing at the edge of the curious crowd, watched him without recognition while his

Brooks Walsh/Jackie Beckett

daughter, her son Rip in her arms, stepped forward, acknowledged him, and took him in. Maybe there's a message there, too. Now Rip in all his carelessness might be called a bad father, a worse husband. Yet he had loveable human qualities, although a part of him stayed wild like the forest he roamed. I think, however, that what repelled his son will attract his namesake. Rip Van Winkle will make a fine grandfather. In another of life's ironic twists, my sons find their career model in their grandfather.

What I did not mention, and it has made all the difference, was that back in that small room so many years ago my wife came to console me. She understood. She still does. Our kids were still young, some yet unborn. Now we are alone together for the first time in over thirty years. I've been waiting for that all this time. And grandchildren. I am glad for them, too. I'll make a good grandfather, although not as good as Rip. I've been here all the time.

This Holiday Season Give the Gift of "Wisdom, Love, Goodness, and Joy"

Those gifts come in each issue of *Fellowship in Prayer,* writes Tod Broderick, of Milwaukee, Wisconsin.

Many of our readers feel the same way. That's why we suggest *Fellowship in Prayer* as a most thoughtful and loving gift to friends, family, and loved ones in celebration of the holy season that will soon be with us.

Just print their names and addresses and send the list, along with your check, ($16 per subscription/$22 outside USA) in the envelope inserted in the middle of this issue. A gift card will be sent announcing your gift of *Fellowship in Prayer,* which will begin with the February issue.

The Way of Prayer

We have received so many requests for our new booklet *The Way of Prayer,* that we are going to a third printing. We are delighted with the response!

The eight-page booklet, with its sections on "Forms of Prayer," "Attitude Toward Prayer," "The Practice of Prayer," how to organize prayer groups, and "Suggested Readings," clearly answers a deeply felt need and makes an ideal holiday gift for yourself as well as for your friends!

Just make out your check for $18, and we'll include a copy of *The Way of Prayer* with every gift subscription of *Fellowship in Prayer* you order.

To Those I Love

If I should ever leave you
whom I love
To go along the Silent Way,
grieve not,
Nor speak of me with tears,
but laugh and talk
Of me as if I were
beside you there.
(I'd come–I'd come,
could I but find a way!
But would not tears and grief
be barriers?)
And when you hear a song
or see a bird
I loved, please do not let
the thought of me
Be sad . . . For I am
loving you just as
I always have . . .
You were so good to me!
There are so many things
I wanted still
To do–so many things
to say to you . . .
Remember that I
did not fear . . . It was
Just leaving you
that was so hard to face . . .
We cannot see Beyond . . .
But this I know:
I loved you so–'twas heaven
here with you!

Isla Paschal Richardson

Pain and Growth

ANTOINETTE GALBRAITH

Fellowship in Prayer invites you to submit the story of your own "transforming experience." You do not need to be a professional writer. Just send your story to the Editor, Fellowship in Prayer, 291 Witherspoon St., Princeton, NJ 08542.

At the suggestion of a friend, I joined a self-help group for relatives and friends of alcoholics. I did so because I was in so much pain I was willing to try anything.

It was eight years ago, and my life was a mess. My marriage had ended and I was living in the States with my three small children. I stayed because I didn't have the strength to pack up the house in New Jersey and move back to England.

It was a time of fear and rejection. I was overwhelmed with the burdens of caring for three children, a house, a garden and a dog. The children were upset, the weeds grew wildly, and the dog dug furiously in neighbors' gardens. I had so many volunteer jobs I had to keep track of them on index cards. I felt sorry for myself and found a lot to complain about. I was not on speaking terms with God, because I just couldn't understand how I'd gotten into this kind of a situation.

The night I joined the support group, my friend took me in her car. It was a cold night and I think she was afraid that I would run out at the last moment if I went alone. The group met in a basement reached down a narrow grey stairwell; we arrived just as the meeting was beginning. People were greeting each other warmly; there was lots of hugging and laughing. Someone handed me a cup of tea, and we pulled wooden chairs into a large circle.

After a brief introduction a talk was given by a lady whom I'll call Elizabeth. Elizabeth was a single parent who had raised six children. She spoke of the hardships and the joys of her task and told how the group and its philosophy had changed and helped her. It was magic! Elizabeth had survived. But not only had she survived, she was happy, positive in her outlook and accepting of her difficulties. She had a job; her children

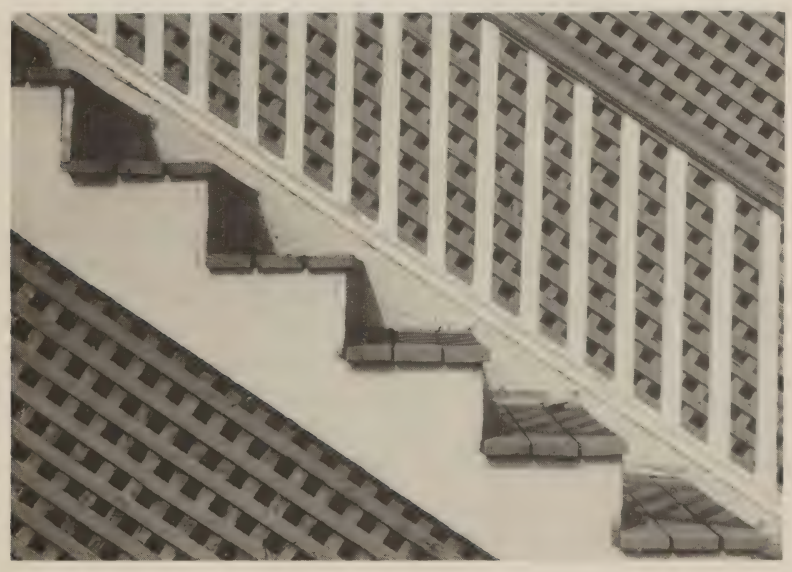
Antoinette Galbraith lives in Edinburgh, Scotland, with her husband and three daughters.

were in school or college; she enjoyed being single. Her financial problems made mine look insignificant. I was captivated. I knew I wanted to be like Elizabeth and that her attitude was the attitude I wanted.

We split into discussion groups. Each person in my group told a different story of pain and difficulty and ultimate change. There was no bitterness or resentment. These people were learning to deal with their feelings. As each person spoke in turn I listened and I learned. For years those testimonies were engraved on my mind; when things got rough I would think back on the stories I heard that first night.

The group was non-denominational and flexible about God, who could be anything you wanted. That suited me fine, because I wasn't sure what I wanted God to be. Someone told me that after a period of doubt faith comes back stronger than before. I was glad to hear that, but I was doubtful.

I worked at adopting the group's principles. They taught me to cope with problems in a detached way, and to keep the focus on myself. I was taught to be more understanding, and to become a better parent. I was taught to listen to other people and not to give advice. I was even taught to say no without feeling guilty (well, sometimes).



Nicholas Foster

When my divorce took place I was ready to deal with it. By then I had acquired enough coping skills, and there was plenty of support from friends in the group, many of whom had been divorced also. There was always someone in the group who'd been through what I was going through.

As I began to heal inside I became more aware of the power of God working in my life. I began to think about my faith but in a different way. Initially it was a slow process but somehow over the course of a year or two I went from doubting God's existence to becoming a committed Christian. I read books like M. Scott Peck's *The Road Less Travelled* and any other spiritual book I could lay my hands on. I discovered *Fellowship in Prayer.*

I suddenly understood I had to turn my whole life over to God; I had to rely on God for the security I was looking for elsewhere.

My life was taking shape, but something was missing. I tried filling the gap with male relationships, but that didn't work. It was painful and humiliating. I kept choosing the wrong type of man, men who were charming and intelligent but who were not interested in the kind of committed relationship I wanted. At the break-up of one such relationship I suddenly understood I had to turn my whole life over to God; I had to rely on God for the security I was looking for elsewhere. I was at a low point and knew what I had to do. It was another turning point in my journey.

I joined a church and did some spiritual counselling. I went to a scripture study group and discovered the power and joy of praying in a group. Slowly I began accepting the love of God. It was hard, and it still is. There is so much more to learn and I'm so lazy about it. Often I don't feel like praying, especially when things are going well. It's easier to pray when things are tough, because that is when you *have* to!

Being a single parent became easier. Sometimes it was even fun. I finished my teaching degree and started working. I had the support of the group and the church but I wanted a close male relationship. It was the one thing I didn't have that I wanted badly. When it was lonely, I

went down on my knees to ask God for strength. Eventually when I was quite settled and no longer looking, I met an old friend who became my husband.

It's been a journey of leaps and bounds, each leap bringing me closer to God in some strange way. The leaps are probably not over yet, but that's all right because I have learned that life often brings pain and growth together.

Members of Fellowship in Prayer in 80 countries form a global spiritual community of men and women—many of whom organize groups or correspond with each other in order to share spiritual insights and to pray together. If you would like to hear from or write to people in our Interfaith Network, please send your name and address to us at 291 Witherspoon Street, Princeton, NJ 08542, and we will list it in our next issue.

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Ask Angela

BARBARA ACKERMAN

Do you have a question of the heart or spirit that needs attention? Angela, our canine sage-in-residence, would love to help. Please write to her in care of FiP, 291 Witherspoon St, Princeton, NJ 08542, and she will give you her answer in our next issue.

Dear Angela,

I cannot stop working compulsively, even on holidays. I feel guilty if I am not doing something to improve my life. When one list is complete, I look for new things to do to make me feel worthy.

Please help.

Thank you,
Guilty

Dear Guilty:

Thank you very much for your question. You bring up three important issues, which is quite a tall order for a twelve-pound guru. I appreciate your faith in me.

Let's tackle the issue of worthiness right away. My personal philosophy of life sees being on planet Earth as a prize, not a punishment. Each of us is here for a purpose and is meant to be here. We are all worthy of life and deserve life basically by virtue of the fact that we *are here*. I like to think of every one of us as grand-prize winners, or winning lottery-ticket holders—we are all winners. We are all worthy. If this is a new idea to anyone, feel free to ponder this point of view for a few minutes a day if you like. In all humility, I consider myself a worthy soul—a soul that

definitely deserves to be here. I make no apologies. But if you begin reading the canine experts, you will see that other than a pretty face, I do not possess very many desirable traits. I am the textbook example of the dog that as a puppy should not have been taken home. The experts say you should not take home the puppy that cowers in a corner, backs away from humans, appears shy, and is the runt of the litter. By some great stroke of luck, I was picked in spite of this, and I am living proof that love conquers a little bit, at least. I've grown from a puppy of debatable worth to a quirky family dog to a guru with a column. How have I come this far? I attribute my success to a little love and to the fact that I have not doubted my own worthiness for one minute. Do I deserve to be alive? Yes! Do I deserve all I have? Certainly! Am I a worthy soul? You bet! Are you? Absolutely!

Let's talk a bit about improving one's life. I'm a firm believer in self-improvement and life-improvement. It's noble work. In fact, I myself invest a lot of time fluffing up my blanket so the folds of it fall just a certain way when I snorkel my way into them. There was a time when I was a big list-maker myself, but one morning I woke up with a new attitude–every morning we all get a giant headstart on an improved life. Each morning we wake up new and improved over yesterday, with a fresh outlook on a brand-new day. There you are–new and improved with a new outlook on a new day–well on your way to a new, improved life. All you did was sleep, snore, dream, and roll over a few times. A lot of the work gets done without your doing a whole lot about it. All this happens without the big long list of things to do. When I discovered life was improving, I stopped making lists and focused my energy on chewing my toenails and licking my fur, two of my favorite activities. Here's good news for all vacationers out there who bring long lists along; a vacation is another way of improving life. Vacationing restores the soul, provides energy, and improves one's outlook. As far as I can see, taking a vacation may be as powerful a life-improvement as returning to school, getting a better job, painting the porch, or cleaning the basement. Since a vacation is in and of itself a life-improvement, it is not necessary to do anything on your vacation except to do your vacation. All lists can be left at home. If you still have trouble with this, just think of your vacation as equaling washing the car or working overtime.

I'd like to take a moment and talk about the work I do in the world. Although I am not compulsive about working, I spend much of the day doing it. My jobs are varied and meaningful to me. My work says some-

Cliff Moore

thing about who I am and what I care about. As for most everyone else, my work is how I earn my keep and do my share. Sometimes my payment is material, at other times, etherial. My number-one job is getting my needs met, which includes getting the attention I deserve. Grooming is a big job, right up there next to eating. My day is taken up with a lot of chewing, licking, nipping, gnawing, and conniving. The toenails need trimming, the fur needs washing, and the kitchen must be patrolled. My next big job is guarding the home front. I bark at guests, visitors, and mail-carriers. I am the early-warning system that something is coming. I quit promptly at 5:00—I am not into overtime. I like my evenings free for pondering parables. In recent years, my work includes being a guru and dictating this column. My main mission is keeping the hearts of humans I love open, receptive, and soft. The payment I receive for this work comes as chestrubs, chicken, cheese, Cheerios, tortilla chips, and an occasional lap-sit. In terms of my mission, I view myself as a millionaire. I am a fortunate soul in that I do meaningful work and am successful. It is noble to do good work. It is equally noble to stop. The secret of my success I pass on to you all. I know when enough is enough. When I work and nothing calls out to me to come and do it, I am able to put work aside and go off and do nothing. Doing nothing provides the quiet, rest, and peace that hard workers need to replenish themselves. All hard-working souls on the planet deserve some time in the pursuit of doing

nothing. I call this Being. Being provides balance. We tend to create a lot of exhausting hubbub around us while we work. In all the swirl of our doing-ness, we may lose sight of the revitalizing quality of being-ness. Although the do-ers of the world may not admit it, they need the be-ers of the world. The secret is balance, yin and yang.

Recently, a friend of mine, Winnie—an attractive and friendly Golden Retriever—was discovered doing nothing by a newspaper photographer. A picture of Winnie and my best buddy Barbara, both doing nothing, appeared on the front page of our local newspaper. Yes, in our little town, doing nothing was frontpage news!

For all you compulsive do-ers and workers who are exhausted, help and hope is on the way. I offer you now the Angela method for Being. You may use some or all of the following techniques to help you do less and Be more. Feel free to do nothing in your own way.

There is no need for do-ers to panic. You may use the techniques for just a few minutes a day and experience positive results while still working as hard as ever.

ANGELA METHOD FOR BEING:

1. Set aside 5 minutes for quiet each day. Allow nothing to get accomplished in this period.
2. The time you allow nothing to get done may increase to suit your needs.
3. Breathe deeply.
4. Let go with a deep sigh often.
5. Do only one thing at a time.
6. Goof-off. This occurs when you have something specifically planned to do but you end up doing nothing instead.
7. Ponder a parable.
8. Allow your mind to sniff, wonder, and meander.
9. Stare at a dust bunny.
10. On a nice day, lie down on your back under a shady tree. Cloud hunt.
11. Once you find a cloud, never let it go. Just watch it move.

I hope I have been of some help to any of you who have trouble allowing yourselves time to Be. I wish all of you good work, and good cloud-watching.

Faithfully,
Angela

Overcoming Racism

LOIS JUNE FARQUHARSON

Even incarceration cannot inhibit spiritual growth.

I write this because I feel the need to share with you a recent personal experience of subjective integration with my black brothers and sisters of this earth.

In February, 1992, I was asked to participate in a black history show here at the Pennsylvania State Correctional Institution at Muncy, PA. I felt somewhat honored as an older white female with southwestern roots (Texas), to have been chosen as one of the six white women to participate.

In one scene I played a wealthy southern plantation owner buying a black "field boy" and a wet nurse at a slave auction. In a second scene I played an overseer of a plantation with a rifle pointed at the slaves as they picked cotton in the field. The remainder of the show was progressive – the tempo was upbeat and there was a vision of the future that would overcome it all.

A few days after this production my thoughts turned to earlier experiences in my own life. On a spiritual level, they would contribute to the integrative process I want to describe.

I was born in Houston, TX and was reared in an upper middle class environment. My mother and father and I lived in an affluent apartment hotel, The Warwick. I had a black nurse ("Mammy"), by the name of Odessa Baker. She came to be my whole maternal world as I perceived it at the time. My mother was often ill and in her times of good health was active in many community organizations. It was Odessa who gave me the needed hugs and who took me daily to the nearby zoo to feed the two elephants, Hans and Nellie. Mother was always in the background but Odessa held my heart. One late afternoon as Odessa was leaving for her home I begged her not to leave and as I clung to her she picked me up and I hugged and kissed her. As the door closed behind her my mother slapped me in the face and said, "Don't you *ever* let me catch you

Ms. Farquharson is serving the 18th year of a life sentence at the Pennsylvania State Correctional Institution at Muncy, PA. Prior to her incarceration she was a practicing physician and psychiatrist.

Janet Gnall

kissing a nigger again!" I didn't even know what that word meant. My mother had used her rarely shown prejudice to act out her jealousy of my relationship with Odessa.

By the time I was twelve our family had moved to Kansas during the depression and back again to Texas. In the interim, all traces of Odessa had disappeared and a new series of black mother figures came into my life. My parents put me in parochial school in Houston, and one fall day a school chum and I were standing on Main Street watching a parade. The high school bands all marched by, and then the segregated black bands brought up the rear. As they approached our viewing space my friend remarked, "Look at those niggers strut their stuff!" I said, "You shouldn't say that. They are colored people." (This was, of course, before the word black was used to denote color.) "You damn Yankee!" she screamed, as she knocked me to the pavement and tears of humiliation stung my eyes.

As my life went on I put these situations more or less out of my consciousness. I rejoiced in the civil rights movement and attended a few rallies but did not become an activist in the strict sense of the word.

When I came to prison I entered as a minority white in a black majority. At times I felt what I perceived as a hostility toward whites and occasionally that word "nigger" entered my mind. I shamefully admit I said the word in the presence of one or two disgruntled whites, feeling it was a just reaction to what many whites in prison refer to as "reverse racism."

In the days after the black history show, however, I realized that deep inside myself—almost imperceptibly—I had become "different." I reflected on my role as a plantation owner and overseer of slaves, and I knew deep within myself that I would never use the word "nigger" again. I also knew that the word would not come into my consciousness again. I had changed. The prejudice that had prevented me from feeling love for my black brothers and sisters had vanished. I am now a part of them, and they are a part of me.

The great tragedy is that it took me 62 years to experience this integration of mind and heart, but when one's spirit finally transcends one of life's negatives—like racism—what is time anyway.

WORLD AS LOVER, WORLD AS SELF
by Joanna Macy, Parallax Press, Berkeley, CA, 1991, 251 pages, paperback, $15.00.

Compiled from her exhaustive experience with peoples around the world as well as her intimate knowledge of Buddhist tenets, Joanna Macy has indeed interwoven both to present a moving portrait of our world, its people and our relationship to them. Running through the book's core is the premise that the "greening" of the self is occurring. Our ego boundaries are expanding to wider constructs of identity–integrating our ecological awareness. Our eco-self is emerging as a compassionate actor on the world stage. (It's about time!) Sprinkled throughout are parallels between ancient Buddhist teachings and current world happenings as well as Macy's personal reflections and memories of her work in India and Tibet. A thought-provoking, beautiful book.

THE MYTH OF THE GODDESS: EVOLUTION OF AN IMAGE
by Anne Baring and Jules Cashford, Viking Arcana, New York, 1992, 779 pages, hardcover, $40.00.

Since an experience of God as Mother is not generally available in western religions, which conceive of God as Father, these authors–both Jungian analysts in London–attempt to recover an image of the lost "feminine divine." In a massive undertaking, they search through the art, archaeology, literature and mythology of the past 20,000 years for traces of God understood as Goddess, and reap an abundant harvest. They hope that the return of the Goddess to consciousness will correct the imbalance in masculine and feminine images of the psyche, enhance reverence for the earth as sacred, and contribute to cultural renewal. Superb illustrations.

We welcome your comments. Please address them to The Editor, Fellowship in Prayer, 291 Witherspoon Street, Princeton, NJ 08542.

I am visiting the United States for a few weeks and have seen your publication and like it very much. I would be very grateful if you would send a subscription to my address in India.

A group of nuns called Nava Jeevan Sisters (New Life Sisters), who live an ashram life according to the ancient tradition of India would also appreciate *Fellowship in Prayer.* I will include their address.

Thank you for bringing so much joy and peace to many people around the world. I wish you all the best.

Msgr. Thomas Chitta, Vicar General; Cuddapah, India

You've *really* done it this time! Your "Way of Prayer" pamphlet is Divine in every sense of the word. I was moved to tears by the sheer beauty of it and cannot wait to share it with my spiritual family. They will love it, too.

Jan Leith

A student of mine, John Thompson, wrote this interpretation of Ps. 136. I think your readers might enjoy it.

You loved me into existence . . .
You nurture me and make me strong . . .
You remain faithful when I am faithless . . .
You love me when I feel unlovable . . .
You free me from the bondage of my own fears . . .
You lead me to safety, to rest securely . . .
You are steadfast, remaining at my side in times of doubt . . .
Your love is eternal; it refreshes my soul. It endures forever.

Dr. Eric L. Friedland; Dayton, OH

Please remove my name from your mailing list. My concern is that I don't believe there are "many ways" to God. I believe Christ and his cross are God's way to life here after.

John Koch; Williamstown, NJ

Thank you, thank you, thank you for the treasure chest of beauty you send me in June Moreau's poetry. Her poems about nature are so

poignant and touch a resonant chord for me. She is able to paint with words what the composer Frederick Delius was able to create with music.

I am a polio quadriplegic. I was able to walk until my 16th birthday, when I was stricken with polio, missing the Salk vaccine by only 2 months. I have not been able to leave New York for 38 years, since I am confined to a wheelchair. Sometimes I feel trapped by the ugly brown buildings that surround me. I think that as a child I was a nature mystic, and somehow deep inside that has never left me. So really, maybe more than most people, I respond with a kind of bittersweet nostalgia to the images June Moreau creates with her words. Deep thanks!

Harriet Pincus; NY, NY

May the Good Lord continue to bless you in all your works! *FiP* is the perfect antidote to the relentless depression of the daily news.

Lauder Greenway II; Bethesda, MD

Your publication is wonderful–always a gift for the heart. I enclose a check for a continued subscription and for 2 copies of "The Way of Prayer."

Many thanks for your beautiful ministry. I agree wholeheartedly with Paul Walsh's significant message in your June issue. Our global reality calls us to hope, to faith and an ever-greater commitment to prayer. This truly is the work of our times. May God awaken us and transform our hearts.

Marilyn Groote, CSJ; Salina, KS

The footnote to Gulshan Khakee's article, "To See the Divine in All Things," in the June issue of *Fellowship in Prayer* could be misleading. Some 5 months before Swami Muktananda died, he formally installed 2 successors to the Siddha lineage, Swami Nityananda and his sister, Swami Chidvilasananda, now known as Gurumayi. For the past 3 years I have been studying Muktananda's teachings with Swami Nityananda. Your readers may direct enquiries to his personal attention at Shanti Mandir, Box 1110, Pine Bush, NY 12566

Jean H. Brown; Livingston, NJ

I learned about *Fellowship in Prayer* in *Hinduism Today* and would like to know much more about your work. Please send me information. Thank you.

Edoho I. N. Edoho; Akwa Ibom State, Nigeria

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